

ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1891.

DAPHNE IN THE MINUET.

Through the mazes of the dancing
Daphne's form is softly glancing;
I forget all other pleasures
Watching as she glides along.
Tripping to the dance's measure,
Fairest maid among the throng.
This night I'll not forsake
Daphne in the minuets.

Daphne's cheeks are gently flushing;
Tinge so faint is hardly blushing;
On her lip a sweet smile lingers,
And her eyes glaze with a shine.
When I touch her dancing fingers,
And the bliss of heaven seems mine;
But my brain is quite upset
Dancing in the minuets.

My poor heart with love is burning,
When I take her hand in turning
Daphne smiles at me about
I adore her! Does she know?
Maybe, when the dance is over,
She will let me tell her so.
Cupid's caught me in his net
Dancing in the minuets.

—Boston Transcript.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep.
Oh, the touching sight
Makes me still to weep—
Of my little lad
Gone to leave me—
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high
My child did see,
There in train came by
A child fair and meek—
And her eyes glaze with a shine,
When I touch her dancing fingers,
And the bliss of heaven seems mine;
But my brain is quite upset
Dancing in the minuets.

My poor heart with love is burning,
When I take her hand in turning
Daphne smiles at me about
I adore her! Does she know?
Maybe, when the dance is over,
She will let me tell her so.
Cupid's caught me in his net
Dancing in the minuets.

—Housekeepers' Weekly.

Stories of Life.

FRESH YARNS, SOME TRUE, SOME FANCIFUL, BY THE CLEVEREST WRITERS.

LD Mrs. Green was in a fiery passion and her fury seemed to be growing greater as I called in just to see how her husband was. Everything was dancing to her music, for she held in her hand a long, stout brush and occasionally gave the one nearest to her a lick. "I am just darning that I ain't gwine to be the tail end of the rumm' gear of the folks down here on Punkinridge. I'll see from this on who gits that and who don't, and who's plans succeed and who's don't."

"Good mornin'," I said, walking in and stamping heavily on the floor in order to be noticed at all. "How is your husband this mornin'? I heard he was very ill."

"Lawdy, ef 'tain't you. Come right in ef ye kin scramble y' way through the dirt and trash; I ain't scalded or drawed or nateral breath in a mornin'." The chillun by gone to ravin' distracted as at manykisses I ever seed. How's you and your folks this mornin'? Haven't heer from you since Amariah went a goal huntin'.

Get up from that, Sydney Pinkerton, afore I knock ye over; get up from that, I say, and get the dogs and chickens frolicking back and forth in the hall.

"He's improv'n', I recon. I jes' tole him this mornin' no time of the y'ar ter be k'plainin' of the stomach and spinal diseases. Some men might get ahead of me, but they'd better be peart in physical movement and better mind thinkers than my Joshiway Green."

"But plantin' time every y'ar he's allers pow'fully stricken with a disease; sump' close after the white swelin', but he never did swell any ex' I caught sight of, so me and the chillun batten makes all the crops and ever'thing else thet's made on the place, and I wagar we get less profit. 'Tain't no contented job ter plow that pilled, brindled steer of ours; some times he's inclined ter work and ergin it takes all the work of a rale nator to move him a peg. I jes' 'lowed this mornin' ter Joshiway that I had sot myself on some resolutions that I war detern'd ter carry out ef it broke my neck or his. I jes' 'lowed ter him that he'd better rouse hisself outen that betw' 'kase I didn't 'speak ter wiggle agin till he went ter work. He riz up from that utter he seed I was sot on my will. I studied his case over and over and I never could see how he allers made it convenient ter be mighty seriously sick jes' 'bout corn plantin' time and cotton pickin'; jes' let fall of the y'ar come and he claims it's ef his crop when he never toched it in work."

"I tole cousin Sallie Dillard yistiddy at meetin' that that war some things I'd stand and some I wouldn't stand on, and I war in for a sorry, lazy man jes' whar I drewed the line. I've allers heard that the honey bee and the grasshopper couldn't live together—they can't kaise a drone baint gwine ter work and think's only now ter beat somebody else outen what they've honestly earned."

"Get up from that and go to work, Jeemes Monroe; ef that's any lawness in ye, ye tuck it after ye daddy." She hit him with the broom and sent him roaring out into the yard.

Resuming her conversation, she said: "I had another man I wanter git even with afore I leve this y'ar arth." The expression on her face portrayed that she could destroy the remaining men of the world. "Who else has done you any injuries?" I inquired.

"Well, I didn't mean to mention that, but but my ye curiosity air roused I jes' leve tell ye. My Nauey Jane hez been hevin' sweethearts or long time. She's gwine on 23 y'ar now and I hev spent all my life yearnings, that takes time ter 'cumbrate by work in the kentry, tryin' to raise her in high circles and marry her off ter somebody curren in standing, both in name and s'city. Yer know thar hain't a prettier gal in these near sighted (new-tiddy) states than Nancy. I'll say on Punkinridge."

"It's all jes' kase a man don't believe he she does, wile the only reason she hain't married. Lawdy law, said she, putting her hands against her back and saying "her rheumatiz pains was grown wuss and wusser." Just then little Mirandy gave the baby a stroke with the fire shovel that sent him over several chairs, creating a noise equal to a circus play. Bob Lee and William Henry Harrison fought over a raw potato—one said that "it was his yallar 'ater shaped like a goose's head." Shrieks and yells almost reminded me of being in a den of wildcats and panthers.

Mrs. Green jumped up on a little red "chint" and seizing a long switch, that was large enough to drive oxen, began beating unmercifully on the rest of the children till she succeeded in running them all out of the yard, exclaiming, "Jes let comp'y kem and you uns go wild. I'll show you how ter knock down and drag out." Gwinn Thomas Jackson a deathly look that sent him over the fence with the others she sat down again as serene as if nothing had happened.

"Ef I was a gwine ter tell ye, Ranzy Thompson hez been a comin' ter see Nauey Jane last Christmas, and he's a good koten for any gal. Ever' Sunday he's been comin', not givin' anybody else a chance to even wink at her. Now, I'm tired of this. I made a move ter Joshi-

way last night that Ranzy'd quit comin' or talk love. I know Nancy looks 'bout her best now and ef she don't make hay while the sun shines her fare's guine ter be bad. Ranzy jes' sots and sots in the same place, and repeats the same conversation each time. I git enough of any one thing ef it's streaked candy. What do you think 'bout'n it?" said she, very anxiously.

"Well, I never decide such cases; it might be that I wouldn't prove a competent judge," I replied.

"I am gwine ter state the case plainer. Ranzy comes here ever' Sunday mornin' and takes a seat aside of Nancy. Right thar he's been suttin' ever' Sunday fer one y'ar. After anybody sets on one subject sich er time outen any adjournment or successful precedin', I ain't in it. I hain't the batteness of Job."

"If he was a nuisance and Nancy cared nothing for him, I should certainly have him discontinued his visits."

"Ye spoke my sentiments then. That boy hez enough rashness ter board my Jeemes Monroe a y'ar at er good boardin' skule; it's like filin' Mammoth cave ex ter give him a squar' meal, course Nancy's proud like 'toter girls and bakes 'tater custards and sweet cakes for Sunday and lawdy that boy eats his weight might nigh. I thought er soap; it's work and Nancy might marry I would stand sich, but hain't gwine ter put up with his dead beatin' no longer: some uns mought; it ain't in me, L Green, I know."

"Oh, maw, maw," cried a voice from the back yard, "Abraham Lincoln has fell into the pot of soap; it's work and too." The 11 children were howling, "Abe war dead, dead." I listened for Mrs. Green to mourn, but she 'rearned out, "Ye air right whor ye orter be; recen ve'll stay erway from my soap now. Lawdy, I ain't never seed sich times. Joshiway hez s'cess er agin work and the chillun act like natives, can't git 'em paccified when they raise a row 'twixt each other. I've allers carried my pint 'bottle and I'll venture ter say I'll wear the ribbon this time, kase onward is my motto and candidity what I preach."

Taking from her apron pocket a big snuff box she dipped and trotted her foot, saying: "This war a sholy progressin', 'toter night a man, or drummer or foot peddler, stayed all night here. After axin' more questions than Nancy Smith's granny contains, he 'lowed: 'Gwine ter the world's fair at Chicago, I reckon?' 'The world's fair,' said Joshiway, 'what's the thunder ye talkin' 'bout? I've allers fared bad enough outen gwine ter Chicago ter fare."

"The man 'peared arful tickled and wunk at 'toter man along with him. Nancy jes' fairly biled in fury at Joshiway, 'lowed he was allers iposin' his ignorance. She had read all 'bout'n the fair in the newspaper."

"Ware y'ay take a dip o'snuff? Nancy made it outen this y'ar's tobacco. Joshiway 'lows this air the finest y'ar on 'taters and 'baccey he's seed yit."

I prepared to leave and made an excuse for calling so soon in the morning, but that I heard of Mr. Green's illness and came to see him.

"Yes, he's peart ex common. I've jes' lart that most anybody is well when they hatter be and thar hain't no lawness at the bottom of it all. Yes, he riz this mornin' and split a respectable number of rails for one who had been p'nt in a wee chine cup. You uns kem ter see uns," she said, as I hastened away, fearing her conversation would never cease while I remained to listen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A VERY HIGH TEA.

Miss Ethel Dessix gave a very "high tea." And invited Alberta, Judith and me. We were each to have a wee chine cup. And a small, crispy cake, which was soon eaten up.

Then the farewells. Judith, Alberta and I went home to cold turkey, baked beans and mince pie. —Detroit Free Press.

THE HOODOOD MILKMAN.

"No, chile; I don't feel good now—got de mis'ry in my back, an' dis yare shoulder won't wuk no how. Seemz ter me steeper gettin' weller I keeps on er gettin' worsen worse all de time. Speaks I mus' be hoodoo."

"Oh, Aunt Tilda, you don't believe in hoodoo, do you?"

"Course I dux, chile; course I dux. I beleebes in hit cause I jus' know hit fur er fac."

"Did he look?"

"He did, fur er fac."

"Did he find anything besides rats?"

"Course he nid, Miss Mary. 'Taint no yuse yer larfin' at er pore ole nigger like me; but he did, fur er fac, fine sumfin' 'sides rats. He foun' an ole box er rusty nails."

—Wonderful!

"An' 'sides rats, de same gemman what I dun tole yer erbeout, he tole him ter look underneat de right an' underneat de lef, an' underneat de middle ob de stable fl' an' see what he see."

"Yer may smile, Miss Mary; but gin de time yer gits ter be hoodoo'd free an' five weeks, turnin' outen hundred an' fo' years ole, yu'll know a heap m'r'n yer dux now, chile. Yer may smile, but I clear ter de Lor' I know hit fur er fac."

Bar was old Marsa Jones what yuster lib ter de Rouge, de one what had de milk stable—well, chile, he jus' kep' on er loosin' an' er loosin' his keows, like nuf-

fin, in dis yare wuld, an' dey hed allers been good keows wile dey gutter did an' dey jus' died an' died dead, ebry single day dat de good Lor' sent, an' he was tole dat 'twant nuffin' less dan dat he was hoodoo'd; dat somebody hed dun hawmed him. Yaw, maw, dat's de Lor's truif, 'noodin' her head emphatically, "an' he, de man what dun tole Marsa Jones he was hawmed, tole him ter look up in de rafters ob de stable an' see what he fine."

"No, maw, 'twant' nails dis yare time, 'twant sumfin' else." She leaned forward and whispered mysteriously, "What yer specks de fine, Miss Mary?"

"Her manner made me surmise dat Mr. Jones must have foun' a couple of dead men at least, or something perfectly horrible, and so I held my breath as she continued:

"Yaw, Miss Mary, what you specks he fine, underneat de right an' underneat de lef, an' underneat de middle ob de stable fl'?" What you specks he fine? Aigs!"

I drew a long breath and burst into an audible smile.

"Eggs! Well!"

"Dar, new, yer is er lafin' ergin, but dat ain't all, nuther. De man what knowed Marsa Jones take dem dar nails what he foun' in de rafters, an' de aigs what he dun foun' underneat de stable fl', and burn dem widsalt."

"Burn them widsalt?" I gasped.

"Yes, maw, hit's de Lor's truif I er tellin' yer. Marsa Jones hed ter burn dem widsalt, an' I seed him wid dese yare two eyes; I did fur er fac. Dat war'n't all, nuther—de man what knowed Marsa Jones ter hang sich sacks all eround his stable an' he did, an' fo' de Lor', Miss Mary, de hawn dun pass erway, an' dat's er fac, shore's yer bawn, an' de keows dey jes' stopped an' didn't die no mo'."

She fell into a brown study. I watched her well knowing what was coming, and was not at all surprised when she burst forth:

"How Mariah, Miss Mary?"

"Dus yer speck dar was annythin' lef frum dis hoodoo dat yer want?"

"Well—in a meditative voice—"I believe there was, but I saw Isaac around, and ef he gets there first there may be nothing lef for you."

"Good Lor', chile! what fur you didn't say so? Hyere I has been er gassin' 'bout de hoodoo, an' I see Isaac, de man whar I er trabblin' off wid my dinner. I see in a hurry, Miss Mary. I see in a monstus hurry, chile—mus' skuse me, chile—good-by, honey!" and she went off grumbling to herself. After a short time I heard her hearty "yah, yah" in the kitchen, and knew she was well.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EXCEEDING STRANGE.

A very bashful youth was James, so timid and so shy. When'er he had to say a word, he felt as if he'd die.

And while this troubled him a deal, it troubled even more the girl he loved, the girl he loved, the girl he loved.

She told on a man of nerve; And James' shy and shirking ways Brought him to her eyes.

Till once she cried, when his coy ways, No longer she could stand. 'Tis range that live at the beach, You could get some such—Boston Courier.

A CZAR'S JOKE.

Froger, an actor at one of the minor theaters of the boulevard in Paris, had entered into an engagement with the manager of the French theater at St. Petersburg, where he had the good fortune so greatly to please Paul I. that he soon became a distinguished favorite of the monarch. An ill timed bon mot one day convinced Froger how dangerous it was to speak too freely to the eccentric autocrat. It was at the imperial ball, and when one of the guests lauded the emperor at the expense of Peter the Great.

"That is robbing Peter to pay Paul," said the emperor, turning to his favorite. "Is it not so, Froger?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the latter. "To satisfy Paul I, may I rob not only Peter the Great, but also Peter the Apostle."

"And pray, why so?" asked the czar, quickly.

"Because," said the actor, "Paul in his anger has frequently commanded: 'Go and leave the czar to his own devices, more especially in Siberia.'"

Paul showed anger in his face, and no one dared to laugh or to be pleased with the actor's reply. A few minutes afterward the emperor rose and dismissed the company.

It was in the middle of winter, about midnight, when Froger was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door. He jumped from his bed, opened the door, and saw to his amazement an officer and a file of soldiers enter the apartment. The former produced a warrant from the emperor banishing Froger to Siberia. He cried, threw himself upon the floor, tore his hair and exclaimed: "What crime have I committed to deserve such punishment?" He received no answer. He begged for a few hours' delay. In vain the officer would allow him only time to pack up a few clothes and linen. Scarcely was the operation finished, when he was surrounded by the soldiers and carried outside the house, where a coach was waiting.

It was a dark night, and the coachman was dead than alive—while two soldiers, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, took their seats on each side of him. How long the first stage lasted Froger was unable to tell, the vehicle was so thickly covered that not the least ray of light could penetrate. The door of the coach was at last opened. It was broad daylight. His eyes, however, were bandaged, and he was led into a miserable hut, the doors and windows of which were closed as soon as he entered.

The bandage was removed he saw, by the faint glimmer of a rushlight, a dish of coarse food upon a board before him. Though he had been fasting for some time, he could hardly swallow a morsel. Siberia! Siberia! that was the only thought. Froger gave himself up to despair, when the previous officer entered the room, attended by a courier. The poor prisoner felt as if he had not seen that friendly face for years.

The officer dismissed his guide and ordered the soldiers to leave the room and wait outside. Being alone with the prisoner, he said, almost in a whisper, "Froger, we must now part. I have accompanied you the first stage, and you will continue to be under the inspection of another courier. Be careful not to speak a word. I risk much even in giving this caution; but I am your friend. Have you any orders for me? Can I serve you on my return to St. Petersburg?" Poor Froger melted into tears. Instead of replying to the question he only wept, having to undergo a punishment for an unknown crime. "An unknown crime?" said the

officer. "Don't you, then, know what you have done? Have you forgotten the sacrifice just you made at the imperial ball?" It has offended the emperor; you are punished because there was so much truth in it. You have nothing to hope. Tell me, then, quickly, what I can do for you."

"Speak for me to his majesty," said Froger, "but I have nothing to ask."

"If that be the case," said poor Froger, "I have nothing to ask."

"And your money and trinkets," rejoined the officer. "Can I lodge them safely for you somewhere until you return?"

"My return?" gasped Froger, "then I am not exiled for life?"

"Of course not—only for three years. Take courage; they will soon pass away—and then—"

But at this moment the soldiers entered, and bandaging his eyes, they lifted him into the vehicle, and away it rolled again.

As before, he was bandaged and led into a wretched hut, a counterpart of the first, and lighted by a piece of blazing pine. The same coarse food was again placed before him. He looked at the faces around him. None that he knew—none that inspired him with comfort. After several similar journeys the vehicle again stopped. By Froger's estimate, as well as he could tell, he had now been in Siberia for three years. His eyes were bandaged before him, instead of being led, his guide seized him and carried him for some time, until they placed him upon a wooden bench.

At last he heard soft whispering and then quick steps approaching. His hands were suddenly seized and tied behind his back. In another moment his coat was torn off his shoulders and his breast laid bare. Froger now thought eternally, instead of S. B. was to be the goal of his journey. "Take aim!" was the command, and a volley of bullets he thought he knew—"Fire!" and several shots were at once discharged. Froger fell senseless to the ground. He was raised unwounded, and whilst he was borne along he became sensible of a division of soldiers marching past him. Having been placed upon a chair, his hands were unbound and the bandage removed.

He then found himself in the same room, at the same table and in the same company where that unhappy bon-mot had escaped him. Opposite to him sat the emperor, the emperor, the emperor, and he was again alternately reflected in the poor actor's face so gratefully excited the risible faculties of Paul that the entire company joined heartily in the mirth. Froger fell in a swoon. The whole terrible trip had only lasted 24 hours. The emperor banished him to Siberia, and all the time, and found immense delight in the prisoner's painful sufferings. Though used to comedies, it was long before the actor recovered from the sad dream of the imperial farce.—New York News.

A TEMPEST.

S. V. Court in the Pittsburgh Leader.

The roses closed in the sultry air, the lilies were languid and faint; the trees were too sleepy to shake the dust from their summer dress. The birds dabbled in little pools, and slowly adjusted their shining feathers.

There was a coppery tint on foliage and grass, a new charm added to the flowers. The sun hid behind a brassy sky, and a stillness that startles pervaded.

Alas! a storm was brewing! and the timid ones became feeble and fearful! The copper sky grew dark, the sun's rays more alarming—God's electric pen traced rapid, burning, hieroglyphics, on the blackness, to his affrighted people. The thunder roared, and the terrified rain, came rushing to the earth, unconscious of its ineffable blessedness. It rolled in its fury, the thunder rumbled far away; nature's electric cloudlets were enveloped in gilt edged cloudlets, and fled to distant parts on the wings of summer winds. The flowers looked up and smiled; the birds screamed with joy, and fled from branch to branch in the cool damp tints.

The sun shone, the heavens of brass vanished, and in the quiet blue sky was piled a wonderful collection of cloud statuary. There was a marble castle, with turrets and gates of gold; a black cloud, with flaming crater and streaming lava; a flock of sheep, with snowy fleeces, huddled beside a huge dark rock; a giant, with glittering spear and shaggy locks; a babe in vaporous raiment; last mastodons drifting on scarlet seas; lions with flaming eyes, and tiger's heads.

A colossal iceberg crushed a dainty canoe. Grand heads, Becheresque in strength and nobleness.

Oh, life is sweet! and the world beautiful! The great artist Nature, with magic brush and enchanted chisel, is ever creating matchless treasures of art.

Shall we fear the storm when the beautiful calm follows?

A WOMAN IN A HOTEL.

A woman in a hotel is worth seeing. She rings the bell three times to a man's once. She apologizes so profusely to the bellboy that he comes down stairs with not an idea of what he is to do. She writes about eight letters a day, and each envelope seems to contain at least three sheets of the hotel's paper. She sends the missives down one by one to be posted and "Ask the office, please, to put a stamp on for me," she says each time. She never makes out a wash list, but one pair hasn't been returned. She refused indignantly to confide more to "the office" when he inquires, but she is sure just how many were in, and "these have blue ribbons." She puts all sorts of things in the safe, but she is perfectly sure she put several things there that she didn't put there, and of course, this makes it awkward for "the office," because he can't prove anything and she always "knows." She is always thunderstruck at the amounts paid for her bills, and she "knows" there is a mistake, says the Kansas City Star.

The bills have to be produced, and even then she does not remember receiving the goods at all or buying them or anything. If she remembers afterward she comes down and explains to "the office" and apologizes, which makes him feel better. Sometimes she gets conscious smitten about ringing the bell so much, and then she runs out, rings up the elevator and gives the elevator boy orders. Yet people wonder at so many elevator disasters. An elevator boy's life has its ups and downs anyhow, but when the women come to giving him messages he loses his grip altogether and the elevator may take advantage of him.

The woman in a hotel expects the chambermaid to "see to" this, that, and the other thing, sewing on a button, taking a stitch hanging up her dresses, and helping her to put them on. The chambermaid is only a poor human being who

has a lot of work to do and the housekeeper to keep an eye on her. But what of that? The lady asks her just the same: "Iron these out for me, Mary, there's a good girl," or "face up my dress, there's a dear," or "put me in a few extra towels, do," or "get me a cake of soap—I'm leaving this afternoon." She takes photographs up on the wall—that she will do—and she cries right in the office before every one when she is charged extra for damage to walls. Then cards and callers: O, heaven, give "the office" patience.

"I expect a gentleman to call about 2," she remarks; "please say I am out. If any one else comes send them right up."

The gentleman is late and gets up. Heaven help "the office."

When a card arrives her she takes "the office" right into her confidence. "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry," she exclaims. "When did they call? Oh, yes, the time is on the card. If you had only told them to wait. I know I didn't leave instructions, but then, you see, I had no idea they would call. I didn't even know they were in town. Was the lady alone, too? Oh, dear, I've never seen the baby. It was born last summer, and—"

"The office" is perhaps not a married man, or perhaps he is, and in either case this is harrowing with a whole time of impatient men waiting for rooms. You understand now, don't you, why so few hotels have "the office" where the women can get at it?

SURE THINGS.

De Courtney Jones had large ideas of government reform. And though he only had to run to take the town by storm. Election day things looked so bright that he could almost see his way through the darkness.

The silent masses to him up his big majority; but as he counted the returns at 2 o'clock that night, Three "safe" precincts came in and hid his office out of sight.

He was knocked out, completely crushed; his brightest hopes took wing. How could he lose? He knew he had a sure thing.

Tom Jenkins' fate was even worse; he loved a sure thing. Who'd rather had a quiet buck, and didn't mind a kiss. At last Tom thought the time had come to end his long wait.

And gain her deepest gratitude by making her his wife. With confidence he asked when she "would come to the blissful day."

And found she would not "name" at all; she'd only been in play. So, to his empty pocket he returned the diamond ring.

And found he'd gained some points about a sure thing.

Alas! such luck is common in these harassing days. We all have stumbled over it in unexpected ways. It may have been a tip about some flyer at the track.

Or else red won a dozen times, and then we were left with a small dash run against one headed by a king.

In fact we all have gambled on a sure thing.

—Harry Romance.

A GLIMPSE OF GENUINE LOVE.

S. V. Court in the Pittsburgh Leader.

Manifestations of parental affection are not rare; it is natural to desire the welfare of your children; to be anxious for their entrance in the charmed circle of society; to crave for them fame and fortune.

Yet the world knows but little of the deep, self-sacrificing love of the poor, whose efforts to achieve those things for their children mean self denial of the sternest kind.

The sublime patience and endurance of the poor have ever aroused my admiration.

A case came under my notice recently that intensified my wonder and esteem. I called at a business college, and as several persons were in advance of me, I sat down to await my turn.

I observed that they were well dressed, intelligent people, in search of a higher education.

One pretty young girl (a picture in gold and blue) was making arrangements to commence next day.

She chatted merrily, and looked very confident of success.

As she passed out, a man entered.

He was a working man, clean and respectable; his clothes were well brushed, but were neither new nor fashionable.

He seemed about 50 years old, a serious expression on his face; his beard and hair were faintly streaked with gray.

He took off his hat confusedly, fumbled in several pockets in a worried manner; found a card which he handed to the professor without speaking, and anxiously watched his face as he read it.

"At length the professor said: 'I suppose this is your boy's report from grammar school?'"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Well, this is a splendid report for the young man. How old is he?"

"Only 15," he proudly replied.

"You see, sir," (he said with nervous haste) "he is not so big and strong as I was, so me and his mother want him to have a bit more learning so he won't